



While washing the spoon we examine it thoroughly.
Reflected in it are all the soups it served, and all
the tongues that licked it clean. We see people on
the assembly line. People in the mine. We see the
earth the spoon once lived in. We notice that it
says "Cassidy's Cafe Plate" on its shank.

We'll need a brush. This pudding's stuck on.

Let it soak.

While it's soaking we realize that without spoons
we'd all still be swilling.

-- M. Kasper

Florence MA